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SELECT
ODES OF HORACE,

IN

English Lyrics.

A SPECIMEN OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE POET.

"VERA REDIT FACIES, DISSIMULATA PERIT."

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1857.

12

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following work is to present to the English reader Translations of some choice Odes of the Roman Poet, in a form combining an almost literal fidelity of rendering, with the spirit of the original—in as far as the writer may have been successful in embodying it. He has long considered that much has been left hitherto to be accomplished on both these points; and without wishing to detract from the merits of former Translators, or to challenge very especially their competition, he wishes simply to place the present work before the reader, that if approved, it may lead to a more extended re-translation of the Poet,

and his appearance in a more native hue before the public.

The only exceptions, as regards closeness of Translation, are Ode VI. Book III, and Ode III. Book IV., in both of which, more especially in the Ode to Melpomene, a great license has been taken, for the sake of not marring their general tone by allusions of an almost local and temporary character.

G. M. S.

London, 1857.

SELECT ODES OF HORACE,

In English Lyrics.

HORATII CARMINA.

LIBER IV.—CARMEN IV.

DRUSI LAUDES.

QUALEM ministrum fulminis alitem,
(Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo)

Olim juvenas, et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inscium,
Vernique jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuere nisus

Venti paventem; mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus;
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ;

SELECT ODES. OF HORACE.

BOOK IV.—ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

As the swift arm-bearer of Jove,
 (With lofty flight 'tis his to soar,
King of his race, who faithful bore
 Fair Ganymede to realms above)

Whom Nature and his royal breed
 Urge from the eyrie, all untried,—
When Spring's soft gales the storms succeed
 In motion new his timid wing to guide;

Soon rage instinctive bears away
 To mock the shepherd's crafty toil;
Next, lust of strife, and bleeding prey
 Match with the struggling serpent's coil;

Qualemve lætis caprea pascuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulsum leonem,
Dente novo peritura, vidit;

Videre Rhætis bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici; (quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi

Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:
Nec scire fas est omnia). Sed diu
Lateque victrices catervæ
Consiliis juvenis revictæ,

Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Neronēs.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Or, as the lion's form and flashing eye,
Roused by his growling dam and udders dry,
Browsing in flowery meads the kid espies,
And soon the monarch's jaws her gentle life-
blood dyes ;

Such Drusus on the Alps' wild height
The Rhætians' broken ranks behold !
(The axe their hand yet grasps in fight,
Borne by the Amazons of old.

Such fashion whence by me unsought
All knowledge not to any given)
But hordes long conquering wide are taught
By youthful force their masses driven,

What can a soul and nature dare,
Nursed by the shelter of a throne ;
What great Augustus' princely care
To Nero's sons paternal shown !

Still spring the brave from generous blood ;
In cattle—in the noble steed,
The sire's restored ; nor Eagle's brood
Proclaim the Dove's degen'rate breed.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant :
Utcunque defecere mores,
Indecorant bene nata culpæ.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,

Qui primus alma risit adorea ;
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos ;

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal :
“ Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus ;

But culture wakes the spark innate,
And discipline assures the breast:
Where slighted morals mar the state,
Fair nature sinks in vice opprest.

What debt, O Rome, to Nero's sons is owed?
Say, bloody tale of Asdrubal's disgrace, [flowed,
Say, death-clogged stream, whose waters purpling
Say, joyous day, that darkness first could chase,

When victory fair propitious on us smiled;
And, as through pine-groves bursts the raging
flame,
Or o'er the bellowing deep the storm breaks wild,
Afric's fell chief on wond'ring Latium came.

Hence sped our Roman arms afar
Our manly youth—hence fanes, o'erthrown
By Carthage and her impious war,
Their former Gods and ancient rites have known;

And thus false Hannibal at length:—

“ As timid deer to wolves a prey,
In danger's jaws we madly stay,
From foe like this escape or flight,
We well may deem no triumph light;

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio,
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,
Natosque, maturosque patres,
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
Monstrumve summisere Colchi
Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit !
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos : occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Asdrubale interempto !

“ A race that braved the tempest’s rage,
And safe their gods from Ilium bore,
And childhood weak, and tottering age,
Exulting placed on Latium’s shore.

“ As some tall oak whose branches fall
Beneath the axe on mountain side,
Though waste and havoc wide appal,
By loss a bolder growth’s supplied.

“ The Hydra not more wondrous rose,
In triple form ’neath Hercules’ blows ;
Nor from the dragon’s teeth upsprings
Such din of arms as round us rings.

“ Plunged in the deep, they prouder rise !
Vanquished, too sure their victor dies,
They quick renew the storied fight,
Long theme for maiden’s converse light.

“ Of routed foes no more I tell—
My name—my country’s fortune fell,
When Asdrubal disastrous bled,
O then, for ever, victory fled !

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus,
Quas et benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.”

“ Vain to oppose the Claudian power,
Which Jove protects in danger's hour ;
Sage councils ever guide their course :
They mock deceit—they conquer force.”

LIBER IV.—CARMEN III.

AD MELPOMENEN.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger

Curru ducet Achaïco
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,

Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ, principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles

BOOK IV.—ODE III.

A PARAPHRASE.

SWEET spirit of the raptured heart !
Thou birthright of each child of song !
For thee he shuns the athlete's art,
The course where eager thousands throng ;

The stirring camp is all declined,
No victor's wreath can lure his mind ;
The world's wide praises he foregoes,
Nor humbles kings, nor conquers foes ;

The crowd round him can throw no spell ;
The stream—the wood—the silent dell,
'Tis these beget the poet's praise,
'Tis these his kindling fancy raise !

Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido :

O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas !
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum !

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ ;
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

O who his gentle craft would shame,
E'en envy now forgets to blame !

Enchantress of the Golden Lyre !
Who wak'st to life its every tone,
O thou whose more than mortal fire
(Be it thy will its power be known)
Can bid e'en Nature's mutest child
Pour forth his soul in rapture wild !

'Tis thine to raise the lowly name,
His country's other word for Fame,
And thine to guard each passing day
That wider spreads its magic sway.

LIBER III.—CARMEN VI.

AD ROMANOS.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.

Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.

Jam bis Monæses, et Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, et adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

BOOK III.—ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

YOUR fathers' sins shall on you rest !
The land with guilt shall be opprest,
 Wrought by their impious hand ;
While mould'ring dust the gods defiles,
And fanes, and temples, tottering piles,
 In careless ruin stand.

Your power by Piety's upborne ;
Hence trace its brightly opening dawn,
 And hence its noonday power.
The slighted Gods, with 'venging hand
Have fiercely scourged the guilty land,
 And yet in terror lower.

Twice did Monæses' light-armed band
Our inauspicious shocks withstand,
 And scour unchecked the plains ;
And Pacorus, o'er the ensanguined soil,
Rejoicing snatch a Roman spoil,
 To grace their trifling chains.

Pæne occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus et Æthiops ;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavêre, et genus, et domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina : neque eligit
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis.

The city, wrecked on Faction's waves,
No more the Dacian fury braves,
 And shrinks from Ethiops' fight ;
This, for his tow'ring navy dread,
That, skilled with oft reverted head,
 To wing the arrow's flight.

The age of guilt's wide-spreading reign
First dared the nuptial couch to stain,
 And family and race ;
Polluting source of bitt'rest ill !
Hence troubles dire our country fill,
 And hence her sons' disgrace.

The blooming girl delights to tread
Ionia's wanton dances, led
 In soft voluptuous maze ;
Develòped now her graceful form,
Unlawful loves her bosom warm,
 Nor tender age delays.

Next, 'neath her rev'lling husband's eye
Returns the younger gallant's sigh,
 And courts degrading vice ;

Sed jussa coràm non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor.
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico;
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum :

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos

Portare fustes; sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens, abeunte curru.

Consenting to her guilty flame,
His sordid soul approves her shame,
And hails its baneful price.

Not sprung from parents thus depraved
The youth, who stained the crims'ning wave,
With Carthage' streaming blood ;
Who great Antiochus defied,
And Pyrrhus threat'ning conquest wide,
And Hannibal withstood.

But rustic vet'rans' offspring bold
Taught the rude Sabine plough to hold,
And break the stubborn soil.
The hardy mother gives command,
They homeward bear the gathered brand,
Nor shun the lengthened toil.

When yielding hours of cool repose
The parting sun refulgent glows,
Far in the western sky,
And frees the steers by toil opprest,
For lengthened, as he sinks to rest,
The mountain shadows lie.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies ?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

What does not wasting time impair?
Worse than their sires, our parents bare
 An issue yet more base;
Which, feeling still its fatal force,
Shall leave in sad succeeding course
 A more corrupted race.

LIBER II.—CARMEN XVI.

AD GROSPHUM.

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condedit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis :

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura venale ne
auro.

Non enim gazæ neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

BOOK II.—ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

PEACE, heav'nly boon! the trembling wand'rer
craves,

By storms o'ertaken in the Ægean waves;
When gath'ring clouds the waning moon obscure,
And guiding stars no more his course secure.

Peace, barbarous Thrace invokes midst endless
fight,

Peace, the dull Mede adorned with quiver light!
Which gold, nor gems, nor purple's gorgeous dye
Can purchase, noble Grosphus! nor deny.

Nor consul's pride of power, nor princely wealth,
Can ease the tortured mind, or give it health;
Nor from the palace halls and vaulted roof,
Sharp cares tumultuous thronging, stand aloof.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperet risu: nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Emihi forsân, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Happy the man whose slender board displays
The salt's bright cask, his sire's in bygone days ;
Nor fear, nor avarice' ever restless throes,
Invade his couch, or break his light repose.

Of short-enduring strength, why then pursue
Too vast attempt ? why seek the varied hue
Of foreign skies ?—self-exiled though we roam,
Who flies himself though country's fled and
home ?

Distempered care climbs ships begirt with brass,
And ling'ring haunts the squadron's glitt'ring mass ;
More swift than stags, and swifter than the wind,
That sweeps the sky, nor leaves a cloud behind.

The mind enjoying present good, unscanned
Leaves future ill ; and, mingling laughter bland
Attempers grief—nor aught's entirely blest—
Some part defective and some flaw confest.

Untimely death checked great Achilles' course,
Long dwindling age consumed old Tithon's force ;
And time indulgent, may to me extend
The span, perchance not granted to my friend.

Te greges centum Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ, tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ ; mihi parva rura et
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Rich flocks unnumbered, and Sicilian kine
Around thee low :—the fleet-trained courser thine
His welcome neighing,—fleeces steeped anew
Clothe thee in robes of Afric's rarest hue.

Fate not belying early mystery's lot,
To me propitious, gave this little spot,
A vein of Greece' enraptured muse inspired,
And 'gainst the ignoble crowd my bosom fired.

LIBER III.—CARMEN XXIV.

IN AVAROS.

INTACTIS opulentior
Thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiæ
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum ;

Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedit caput.

Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt et rigidi Getæ,
Immetata quibus jugera liberas

BOOK III.—ODE XXIV.

TO THE AVARICIOUS.

THOUGH, richer than Arabia's caves
Or India's fabled land,
Thy palace courts the Tuscan waves,
That rippling wash the strand:

If Fate in loftiest domes enfix
Her adamantine nail,
Death's snares with all thy joy will mix ;
Thy mind with fear shall quail.

More blest wild Scythia's roving bands,
Their only home, the Wain ;
And Thracians rude, whose lordless lands
No boundaries contain,

Fruges et Cererem ferunt,
Nec cultura placet longior annua,
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.

Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fudit adultero.

Dos est magna parentium
Virtus et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas ;
Et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.

O quisquis volet impias
Cædes et rabiem tollere civicam,
Si quæret PATER URBIUM
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Refrenare licentiam,
Clarus postgenitis : quatenus (heu nefas !)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

Which for a common store they till
No second spring their care ;
And each relieving, each fulfil
A task that all must share.

Of mothers reft, no children there
Fall by a stepdame's guile ;
Nor dowried wives their proud sway bear,
Nor on dishonor smile.

Their dower, a parent's virtuous name,
And Chastity's sure tie ;
Which shrinks from stain,—there guilt is shame,
And its award—to die.

Who would unnatural slaughter spare,
And civic rage abate ;
Who would his statues thus declare
“ The Father of the State ”?

O let him dare wild license tame,
Revered in after days ;
Since envious, strange ! of living fame
The dead alone we praise.

Quid tristes querimonîæ,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt, si neque fervidis

Pars inclusa caloribus
Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus,
Duratæque solo nives
Mercatorem abigunt? Horrida callidi

Vincunt æquora navitæ;
Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.

Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,

Summi materiem mali,
Mittamus, scelerum si bene pœnitet.
Eradenda cupidinis
Pravi sunt elementa, et teneræ nimis

What profit weak regrets, if crime
Its punishment survive ?
What inefficient laws sublime,
If vice luxuriant thrive !

If not the Tropic's sultry sky,
Nor Arctic regions cold,
Nor snows that ever frost-bound lie
Check sordid quest of gold ?

If raging seas the sailors dare ?
Base Poverty, whose force
Compels us aught to do or bear,
Quits Virtue's narrow course !

Then let us bear our hoarded gain,
Our gems and jewels bright,
As off'rings meet to Jove's high fane,
Where wond'ring crowds invite.

Or in the nearest ocean plunge
The means of darksome deeds ;
If sin be mourned, we must expunge
Corruption's earliest seeds.

Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hærerè ingenuus puer
Venarique timet; ludere doctior,

Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea,
Cum perjura patris fides
Consortem socium fallat et hospitem,

Indignoque pecuniam
Heredi properet. Scilicet improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ; tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

'Tis fit the o'er effem'nate mind
In rougher schools to train;
Unskilled to ride, our youth refined,
The manly chase disdain.

More apt with Grecian hoop to toy,
Or throw forbidden dice;
While to enrich his worthless boy,
The father's base device,

His partner or his guest defrauds—
Still grows th' ill-gotten store;
Deemed ever incomplete, the hoards
Lack yet a something more.

LIBER I.—CARMEN XV.

NEREI VATICINIUM DE EXCIDIO TROJÆ.

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata : ‘ Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Heu ! heu ! Quantus equis, quantus adest
Sudor ! Quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti ! Jam galeam Pallas et ægida
Currusque et rabiem parat.

BOOK I.—ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

As o'er the main the faithless Shepherd bore
The lovely Helen from the Grecian shore,
(His ships by Ida's sacred mount supplied),
Hushed were the winds, and calmed the briny tide
By Nereus' power, prophetic as he told
The cruel fates:—

“ Ill omened dost thou hold
Thy course with her, whom Greece shall soon
reclaim,
With thousands burning to avenge her shame;
Bound by united oaths to sweep away
Thy nuptial ties, and Priam's length'n'd sway.

“ Alas! through thee what toils the steeds distress,
And what the men! what ruin doth oppress
The Dardan race! e'en now her Ægis dire,
Her shield and car, and all resistless ire

Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectus cæsariem, grataque feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina divides;
Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas et calami spicula Gnosii
Vitabis, strepitumque et celerem sequi
Ajacem. Tamen heu! serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylum Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminii
Teucer, te Stheneleus sciens

Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Pallas prepares. In vain on Venus' care
Relying, proud you 'll dress your flowing hair,
And with the lyre's soft notes, to women sweet,
Alternate strains in silken dalliance mete ;

“ In vain you 'll shun the Gnossian arrows' flight,
And spears obnoxious to thy soft delight,
The din of arms, and Ajax' swift pursuit ;
But ah ! those glossy tresses pleading mute,
Adult'rous lures ! at length the dust shall soil ;
Dost not behold Laertes' son, whose toil
Brings Trojan ruin ? nor the Pylian sage ?
Salminian Teucer, eager to engage,
Brave Stheneleus, well versed in arts of war,
Or swift to guide at need the rolling car,
Pursue thee close ! Bold Merion too thou 'lt know.
With fury raging, bent to lay thee low,
His sire surpassing in his deeds of old,
Swift through the field, fierce Diomedé behold !

“ Whom as a stag, in some fair valley wide,
Espies a wolf, far on its distant side,
And pasture leaves ; so shalt thou, coward, fly
With breath deep panting, and the vaunts belie
Made to thy bride ;—Impending fates shall loom
Awhile o'er Ilion ;—and her matrons' doom

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achilleï;
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Iliacas domos.'

By peevish wrath Achilles shall delay—
Appointed years shall bring the fearful day,
When Troy, subdued by Grecian's vengeful flame,
Shall sink in ruins,—known but as a name.

LIBER I.—CARMEN XXXVIII.

AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

BOOK I.—ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

I SPURN the Persians' cumbrous state,
Their splendid chaplets, Boy, I hate,
 With linden-bark entwin'd;
Where ling'ring hangs the perfumed rose,
Or aught but simple myrtle grows,
 No longer toil to find.

No blossom in the grove more meet
Than branch of simple myrtle sweet,
 To grace my rosy wine;
Its fragrance soft o'er me to breathe,
And form for thee becoming wreath
 Beneath the trellised vine.

LIBER III.—CARMEN XXIII.

AD PHIDYLEN.

CÆLO supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
Si thure placaris et horna
Frugè Lares avidaque porca ;
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fecunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Robiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam, quæ nivali pascitur Algidò
Devota, quercus inter et ilices,
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
Victima, pontificum secures
Cervice tinget: te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore deos, fragilique myrto.

BOOK III.—ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If, Phidyle, thy hands thou raise
On each new moon, the Gods to praise ;
If incense sweet, and this year's corn
With greedy swine in off'ring borne,
The household-Gods have won ;
Nor shall thy vines unfruitful fail
'Neath Afric's pestilential gale,
Nor sterile mildew take thy crop,
Nor tender nurslings sick'ning drop
In Autumn's sultry sun.

The victim that devoted grows
Midst Algidum's o'erspreading snows,
And holm-oaks bright, or sportive feeds
In sweet Albanus' verdant meads,
May stain the Pontiff's knife ;
Not thine with blood of beasts profuse
For guilty deeds to seek excuse,
While crowning Gods of lesser might
With rosemary and myrtle slight
In innocence of life.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et saliente mica.

What though thy hand hath empty touched
The altar's edge ; no victim, clutched
By hireling hands, can more appease
The power who all discerning sees,
Than meal and crackling salt.

LIBER II.—ODE XVIII.

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettias
Premunt columnas ultima recisæ

Africa; neque Attali
Ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.

At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
Me petit: nihil supra
Deos lacesso nec potentem amicum

Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.

BOOK II.—ODE XVIII.

AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

No roof of ivory or gold,
Within my humble dwelling gleams ;
No columns from far Afric roll'd,
Sustain the rich Hymettian beams.

Nor do I with an upstart's voice
Proclaim my wealth, the wealth of kings :
For me no highborn dames rejoice,
To weave fair Sparta's purple strings.

But mine is probity of mind,
A fertile muse that always flows ;
Though poor yet do the wealthy find,
That poverty with friendship glows.

Ah ! more than this I, from Gods above
I nothing crave :—nor can thy hand,
My noble friend, its gifts improve ;
Too happy midst my Sabine land.

Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor struis domos,
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges.

Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos et ultra

Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos,
Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci sede destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus

Day yields to day—and crescent moons
Rise but to wane ; yet dost thou brave
Death's coming hour,—pile marble stones,
And build, unmindful of the grave.

The wave, that breaks on Baia's shore,
Is robbed by thee of half its sweep ;
The land is thine, thou cravest more,
And lay'st foundations in the deep.

Nay, miser, dost thou not deface
The landmark of thy neighbour's grounds ;
And with the ploughshare hide the place,
Where lie thy humble clients' bounds?

Lo ! where the husband with his wife,
His wretched babes and household Gods,
Shelter'd in breasts with sorrow rife,
By thee expelled, now homeless plods.

And yet for thee, ah ! wealthy heir,
There is but one appointed hall ;
Predestined thither to repair,
You vainly shrink from Pluto's call.

Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coërcet ; hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

Why grasp at more ? one righteous earth
Invites the pauper to his rest
Beside the son of royal birth ;
Prometheus tempted Charon's breast

By glitt'ring gold ;—the bribe was vain ;
With Tantalus, and his proud race,
He writhes in ruthless Charon's chain :
Called or uncalled with equal grace,
Death stretches forth his clammy hand,
The poor man seeks a brighter land.

EPODON LIBER.—CAEMEN II.

VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore ;

Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit,

Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmas oves.

EPODE II.

PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

How blest is he who far from busy toil,
As in the golden age of old,
Tills with his steers his own paternal soil,
Nor dreads the us'rer's greedy hold ;

Nor warlike rouses at the trumpet's call,
Nor shrinking fears the troubled sea,
The forum shuns—nor haunts the stately hall,
To court its lord with supple knee.

To lofty poplars then he either weds
The full-grown tendrils of the vine ;
Or wild luxuriance pruning, skilful beds
More fruitful, 'neath the juicy rind.

Or in the vale retired, beholds afar
His lowing herds fresh pasture keep ;
Or liquid honey stores in purest jar,
Or careful shears the feeble sheep.

Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Auctumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
Certantem et uvam purpuræ,

Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium !
Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenaci gramine.

Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
Queruntur in silvis aves ;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat ;
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas ;

Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdus edacibus dolos ;
Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia.

When decked with mellow fruit, rich autumn bears.
His comely head o'er every field ;
How sweet to pluck his own engrafted pears,
And grapes that not to purple yield,

Gifts, or to thee, Priapus, or to thee,
Sylvanus, who defend his grounds !
He loves to lie now 'neath the old oak tree,
Now where the close-grown grass abounds.

And now the river shrinks beneath the heat,
Sweet warblings through the groves resound ;
The rippling streams respond in murmurs sweet,
Inviting soft repose around.

Next, when in boist'rous storms, descending Jove
In hail and drifting snow 's enwrapt ;
Fierce boars he spears, by many a hound hard-drove
In th' opposing toils entrapped ;

Or spreads his nets, which supple poles sustain,
For hungry birds a cunning snare ;
Or traps the timid hare and foreign crane,
Much prized rewards of easy care.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviscitur ?
Quodsi pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos,

(Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli),
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum,
Lassi sub adventum viri ;

Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet :

Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia
Magisve rhombus aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare.

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguisimis
Oliva ramis arborum,

Who not forgets midst scenes so dear
The anxious cares of love hegot?
But if in turn the chaste wife fondly cheer
His prattling babes and humble cot,

(Like Sabine dame or swift Apulian's bride
Reared 'neath the blazing sun's fierce heat,)
And load the sacred hearth with logs well-dried
Her husband's late return to greet;

Then shutting in their folds the thriving kine,
Her hand their swelling udders drain;
And drawing from the cask her this year's wine,
With thrifty meal reward his pain:

Nor would famed char, nor turbot sweeter be,
Nor Baia's oysters please me more,
If storms loud thund'ring on the eastern sea
Should drive them to the Tuscan shore.

Nor Afric's dainty bird, nor Asian snipe
Be deemed more rich delicious fare,
Than olives pluck'd in greenest honors ripe,
From boughs that scarce their load can bear,

Aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori;
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
Vel hædus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas ut juvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum;
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido;
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes lares!

Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Kalendis ponere.

Or grateful sorrel found in open meads,
And mallows deem'd corrective light;
Or lamb which at the Terminalia bleeds,
Or kid that's felt the wolf's fierce bite.

Mid feasts like these how sweet to view around
The flocks that slowly homeward stray;
To see the steers drag o'er the broken ground
The share, that idly tracks their way;
And round the cheerful hearth, each son of toil,
Slave but in name, the children of the soil!

Tis thus the aged us'rer speaks,
A country-life alone he seeks.
The Ides are come—his interest due,—
What then?—He seeks for interest new.

LIBER II.—CARMEN XIV.

AD POSTUMUM.

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti;

Non si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

BOOK II.—ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

my Friend, my noble Friend,
sting years too quickly end,
ed by each short-lived hour :
ety will nought delay
inkled age, and swift decay,
Death's resistless power.

ugh to Hell's stern king, each day,
ice an Hecatomb you slay,
ity to awake ;
ree-formed Geryon restrains,
tyos racked with endless pains,
d by th' infernal lake.

se dull wave, sad Charon's boat
ice waft all to shores remote,
taste earth's kindly fruits ;
r we've fill'd a regal throne,
or hinds our life has flown
vliest pursuits.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriæ,
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans et Danaï genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus; et mero
Tinget pavementum superbum
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

Vain shall we 'scape war's bloody tide,
And billows breaking far and wide,
 O'er hoarse-resounding seas :
Vain shall we shun the scorching glare
Of Autumn's sun, and sultry air
 O'erladen with disease.

Cocytus roll'd with sullen pace
Dull-hued—and Danäus' wicked race,
 Must all in turn be known ;
And Sisyphus, tormented soul,
Condemned through endless time to roll
 The still recoiling stone ;

Soon must thou leave this pleasant earth,
The smiling wife, the sacred hearth,
 And of the trees you rear,
The hateful cypress' gloom alone,
Dark o'er its short-lived owner thrown,
 Shall shade thy mournful bier.

Thy heir shall drain the costly wine,
Which hundred keys and bars confine,
 For his more gen'rous waste ;
And stain the glitt'ring marble's hue
With streams, which richer sweets imbue,
 Than pontiffs e'en may taste.

LIBER IV.—CARMEN VII.

AD TORQUATUM.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et alium
Quæ rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit ~~æstas~~
Interitura, simul
Pomifer auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.

BOOK IV.—ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE dreary snow 's no longer seen,
The fields resume their mantling green,
 The trees their foliage gay ;
The earth revives from torpid sleep,
Their banks the falling rivers keep,
 Nor urge their boist'rous way.

Nor does disrobed Thalia dread
The mazy dance with nymphs to thread,
 And Sister-Graces fair ;
The waning year, the hours which steal
Each fleeting day, still bid us feel,
 Death will not always spare.

The Zephyrs mild subdue the frost,
The Spring in Summer 's quickly lost,
 Itself to melt away ;
When Autumn spreads his bounteous store,
Soon sluggish Winter as before
 Asserts his iron sway.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ;
Nos ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

Though fleeting moons by change regain
The loss their heav'nly orbs sustain ;

Yet when we sink in night,
Where good Æneas, Tullus great,
And Ancus, have been fix'd by fate,
We 're nought but shadows light.

Our sum of days, who can foretell ?
Or, if the Gods above will swell

By one our present share,
Indulgent to thy Genius' bent,
Whate'er to joyous ease is lent
Shall 'scape the greedy heir.

When once thy mortal doom is cast,
And Minos, righteous judge, has passed

On thee the sentence due ;
Nor shall, my friend, thy noble race,
Thy pious eloquence and grace
Restore thee to our view.

Nor can Diana's power secure
Hippolytus, her votary pure,

From gloomy Hell's domains ;
Nor daring Theseus' utmost might
Recall Pirithoüs to light,
Nor burst his hateful chains.

LIBER II.—CARMEN III.

AD Q. DELLIIUM.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli,

Seu moestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo ;

Huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
• Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res et ætas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

BOOK II.—ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

PREPARED in adverse Fortune's darkest hour,
With calm composure, Dellius, man thy soul ;
Nor light inflated, when her fickle power
Smiles on your hopes, since death must crown
the whole ;

Whether sad cares o'er life their gloom have shed,
Or, quaffing bowls of rich Falernian wine,
With mirthsome glee high festal days you 've sped
In some sweet glade inviting to recline ;

Where the tall pine and light hued poplar grow,
Whose mingling branches lend their welcome
shade ;

And murm'ring soft the riv'let toils to flow,
In many a turn its winding stream has made.

Bright wines and perfumes hither bid them bring
With roses, ah ! too transient in their bloom ;
While joy and youth their light enchantments fling
And yet the fatal Sisters stay your doom.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit ;
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente, sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur ; omnium
Versatur urna, serius, ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in eternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

The purchased groves, and seats you must resign,
And villa washed by Tiber's yellow tide,
Your treasured heaps by Fate's award condign,
Unconscious all the expectant heir abide.

Vain, if from ancient Inachus you claim
Your race and wealth;—or sprung from vilest
source,
Have wandered houseless owning scarce a name,—
His stern demands sad Orcus will enforce.

Compelled we near the common bourne of all;
Forth from the urn in which our Fates are mix'd,
Or soon or late, the lot of each will fall,
And lead to shades irrevocably fix'd.

LIBER IV.—CARMEN XII.

AD VIRGILIUM.

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ;
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hiberna nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis, et Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
Regum est ultra libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistula,
Delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.

BOOK IV.—ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

SOFT Spring's attendant Thracian gales,
Now fill the gently-swelling sails,
And smoothe rude Ocean's brow :
The meads, a stubborn mass no more,
Nor now the wintry torrents roar,
O'erswol'n by storm and snow.

Th' unhappy bird, with wailing cry,
Mourning Itys' fate, on high
Prepares her dripping nest ;
(Of Cecrops' house the endless shame ;
For impiously she 'venged the flame
That fired the tyrant's breast.)

The shepherds ply the tuneful reed,
As thriving flocks around them feed,
And rest on earth's bright sward ;
For aye the rural God they praise,
Who o'er Arcadia's mountains strays,
Its herds' delighted guard.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili :
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox merce veni : non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plena dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras, et studium lucri,
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem :
Dulce est desipere in loco.

The thirsty year leads on its train ;
And, Virgil, if the juice you'd drain
Of Cales' fertile vine ;
Oh thou ! whom noblest youth observe,
Thy costly spikenard must deserve
In turn my choicest wine.

The snowy vase with unguent stored
Shall draw a cask from Galba's hoard,
Replete with generous power ;
'Twill give fresh kindling hopes to spring,
And o'er dull care its opiate fling
To cheat the gloomy hour.

If hasting such delights to share,
Thy tribute to the banquet bear,
Bright with th' o'erflowing soul ;
Nor I, as plenteous wealth were mine,
A chargeless feast for thee design,
Flushed with my sparkling bowl.

Now wealth's pursuit and dull delay
Throw off—and mindful while you may
Of funeral piles' dark gleam ;
With mingled folly for awhile
Grave Wisdom's sterner mood beguile,—
Mirth's 'scapes in turn beseem.

LIBER. I.—CARMEN IV.

AD L. SESTIUM.

SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas,
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator
 igni,
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente
 Luna;
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiaë decentes
Alternò terram quatunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.

BOOK I—ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

THE step of sweetly-breathing Spring
Hath made stern Winter smile :
The beach with sailors' shouts doth ring,
As ships glide off the pile.
The flocks no more in folds delight :
No hearth the goodwife plies :
Nor now in meads the hoar-frost white
In dazzling brightness lies.

Now Cytherea leads the dance
'Neath Luna's genial ray,
And Nymphs, with blushing graces glance
Their feet in constant play.
Whilst Vulcan in his fiery hall,
From forge to furnace goes ;
And loud the Cyclops' hammers fall,
In quick and sparkling blows.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire
myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ;
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agna sive malit hædo.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,

Et domus exilis Plutonia. Quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenus
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

'Tis time to bind the perfum'd hair
With sprig of Myrtle green ;
Or with the flow'ret fresh and fair
On earth's soft bosom seen.
To rural gods 'tis time to slay,
Within the mystic groves,
The spotless lamb, that loves to play,
Or kid, that wanton roves.

Pale Death, oh ! noble Sestius, spares
Nor opulent nor poor ;
His startling knock the palace scares,
He seeks the cottage door.
We hope and live, but life and hope
Are transient and short ;
E'en now for thee dark spirits cope
In Pluto's dread resort.

From that forlorn and barren spot
Thou canst not be restored ;
No casting there of happy lot,
To rule the festive board.

LIBER I.—CARMEN XVII.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

VELOX amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunť latentes et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti,
Nec virides metuunt colubras

Nec Martiales hæduleæ lupos,
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles et Usticæ cubantis
Levia personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
Et musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

BOOK I.—ODES XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

SWIFT Faunus oft delights to change
Arcadia's mount, and welcome range
The pleasant Sabine land ;
He guards my kids from glowing heat,
From noxious storms, which raging beat,
With ever-fost'ring hand.

The dams of an unsav'ry spouse
The hidden shrubs and wild thyme browse,
As devious still they rove ;
Uninjured and secure from harm
No glist'ning snakes my herds alarm,
Within the leafy grove ;

Nor Mars' fierce wolves,—whene'er the sound,
Fair Tyndaris ! of his pipe floats round
Ustica's gentle height ;
And through its pleasant vales remote,
And rocky slopes, the soft'ned note
Is borne by echo light.

Hic in reducta valle caniculæ
Vitabis æstus et fide Teia
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra, nec Semeleius
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia, nec metues protervum

Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus immeritamque vestem.

.

The Gods their kind protection yield,—
My pious muse the Gods enshield,
 With grateful lays adored;
Here from o'erflowing horn shall rise
Rich plenty deck'd with rustic guise,
 In kind abundance poured.

Here shalt thou to sweet vales retire,
Secluded from fierce Sirius' fire,
 And sing in Teian strain,
The chaste Penelope's lament,
And Circe, wily sorc'ress, bent
 The wand'rer to retain.

Here shalt thou drain the cooling wine
Of temp'rate Lesbos' choicest vine,
 Nor dread th' enliv'ning bowl;
Nor Semeleian Bacchus' rage
Shall, in rude broils, fierce Mars engage,
 Nor rouse the madd'ning soul.

EPODON LIBER.—CAEMEN XV.

AD NEÆRAM.

Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora sidera;
Cùm tu, magnorum numen læsura Deorum,
In verba iurabas mea,
Arctiùs atque hederâ procera astringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis:
Dum pecori lupo, et nautis infestus Orion
Turbaret hybernum mare,
Intonsosque agigaret Apollinis aura capillos,
Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
O dolitura meâ multùm virtute, Neæra!
Nam, si quid in Flacco viri est,
Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,
Et quæret iratus parem;
Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,
Si certus intrârit dolor.

EPODE XV.

TO NÆRA.

TWAS night! in the heavens the moon's silver
beam
Shone brightly, o'erpeering each star's 'minished
gleam;
When, insult how great! to the gods lightly
shown,
You swore, as the vow in fond accents I spoke,
More closely around me your ling'ring arms
thrown,
Than ivy encircles the tall mountain's oak;
Whilst the wolf rends the flock, whilst Orion's
despight
'Gainst the sailor excites to wild fury the sea;
Whilst the breeze 'midst Apollo's bright locks
wants light,
So long should thy bosom beat only for me!

At tu, quicumque es felicior, atque meo nunc
Superbus incedis malo;
Sis pecore et multâ dives tellure licebit,
Tibique Pactolus fluat;
Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
Formâque vincas Nirea,
Eheu translato aliò merebis amores!
Ast ego vicissim risero.

But thou, whose'er now in her loveliness blest,
Who proudly rejoicest, in scorn at my woe;
Though wide thy domain, though by fortune
carest,

For thee e'en the golden Pactolus should flow,
Though wise 'mongst the wisest, than Nireus more
fair,

Inconstant, she'll leave thee alone to despair.

LIBER I.—CARMEN I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum :
Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
 Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos ;
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
 Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis condicionibus
 Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi

BOOK I.—Ode I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, offspring of a noble race,—
Thou guardian of my fortunes, and the friend
Whose fost'ring care lends honour to my name ;
There are, whose sole delight it is to trace
Th' Olympic course, and skilfully to guide
The dust-enveloped chariot in its flight,
With glowing wheel to lightly graze the goal,
Lords of the world ! yet victory's added wreath,
Exalting to the skies, uplifts their soul.
Rome's giddy people, urging with their voice
The triple honours of the state, inflame
The breast of one : another loves to store
His spacious garner, loaded with the grain
From distant Libya's fertile plains conveyed ;
Whom rustic cares and daily toil have taught :
Not e'en the wealth of Attalus could tempt
With Cyprian bark to plough th' Ægean Sea.

Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
Nec partem solido demere de die

Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus

Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.

His costly cargo on the treacherous deep,
The anxious merchant dreads the stormy gale;
Which swift from Afric's shore in dangerous squalls
Th' Icarian waves in boisterous contest meets.
The calm and tranquil scenes of equal peace
He now delights to praise; impatient soon
Of humble thrifty care and narrow means,
His storm-tossed vessel he again equips.
The bowl, o'erflowing with strong Massic wine,
Its solace yields to some, as quick they steal
Some joyous hours from each returning day,
Or in the laurel's welcome shade, or soft
On some sweet fountain's mossy bank reclined:
The camp's all-stirring scenes, the startling note
Of trumpets, and the mingled clarion's call,
And war's exciting course and proud array,
By timid matrons dreaded, have their charms.
The hunter leaves the pleasing joys of home,
And, of his tender wife forgetful, braves
The wintry storm; while eager in the chase,
He cheers his staunch-bred hounds in swift
pursuit,
To take the fleeing stag; or bay the boar,
Which fierce from Marsian woods, with threat'ning
tusk,
Has rent his nets,-- entangling in their toils.

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibus

Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

The ivy-wreath encircled round my brows,
The poet's never-fading bright reward,
Crowns with full joy my hopes.
If nor Euterpe sweet her pipe restrains,
Nor copious Polyhymnia disdains
My verse should soft in Lesbian measure flow,
Among the Lyric poets rank my name,
Almost immortal, to the gods I tower.

LIBER III.—CARMEN XI.

AD MERCURIUM.

MERCURI (nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque testudo resonare septem
Callida nervis,

(Nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis)
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures,

Quæ velut latis equa trima campis
Ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere et rivos celeres morari;
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ

BOOK III.—ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O Mercury! (for by thy teaching skilled,
Amphion moved the rocks by music's sound):
And thou, oh Lyre! with sweetest concord fill'd,
Shed from seven strings around,

(Awhile nor eloquent, nor sought, but now
To rich-spread feasts and sacred temples dear),
Breathe forth sweet strains, to which shall Lydé
bow
Her long-reluctant ear.

The woods and savage beasts by thee are led, —
Thou know'st the rivers in their course to stay,
Couched at thy soothing tones, Hell's porter dread,
Submissive Cerb'rus lay.

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
Risit invito; stetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carminē mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
Virginum pœnas et inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo
Seraque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiæ, (nam quid potuere majus ?)
Impiæ sponso potuere duro
Perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum,

Though hundred snakes his horrid head enfold,
And endless twining wreath their slimy scales,
Though from his three-tongued mouth dark gore
is roll'd,
And pestilence exhales.

Huge Tityos and Ixion writhing bound,
Smile 'midst their pains—the urn's no longer
wet,
As Danaus' daughters, lulled by dulcet sound,
Awhile their toil forget.

Let Lydé hear the cruel virgins' deeds,
Their famous doom—the never-brimming urn,
Through whose false chinks the water still recedes—
And Hell's dark tortures learn.

Which wait on crime by Fate's severe behest:
(What could they more?) unnatural as they were,
Unnatural! 'gainst a youthful husband's breast
The cruel knife to bare.

From all the virgins one alone was found
Worthy the nuptial torch's purest fire;
Sublimely false! through every age renowned,
She failed her perjured sire.

“ Surge,” quæ dixit juveni marito,
“ Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur : socerum et scelestas
Falle sorores,

Quæ velut nactæ vitulos leænæ
Singulos eheu lacerant : ego illis
Mollior nec te feriam neque intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens misero peperci;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et auræ
Dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo
Omine, et nostri memorem sepulchro
Sculpe querelam.”

And warned her sleeping spouse, "Arise! Arise!
Best endless slumber heavy on thee lie,
From unthought hands—thy new-made filial ties
And savage sisters fly.

Who lacerate, ah sad! each bosom dear,
As lionesses o'er the tender prey,
nor will strike, nor hold thee pris'ner here
More pitiful than they.

My cruel sire may load me soon with chains,
For pity towards my wretched spouse I bore,
Or fell, transport me to the wild domains
Of Afric's farthest shore.

Go, where thy path and prosp'ring breezes bear,
While night and love protect—well omened speed!
And on my tomb engrave with pious care
A record of the deed."

LIBER II.—CARMEN II.

AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

NULLUS argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo
Notus in fratres animi paterni ;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritem, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

LIBER II.—ODE II.

TO SALLUSTIUS.

OH ! foe to wealth in greedy caskets bound !
The costly ore no splendour sheds around,
Unless, my friend, a temperate use display
 Its chastened ray.

Extended age shall Proculeius know ;
For love paternal to a brother's woe :
On wing still vig'rous borne, surviving Fame
 Hallows his name.

A grasping spirit tamed ! more wide thy sway
Than power from Afric felt to Gades' bay,
Or though each Carthage yield her haughty throne
 To thee alone.

The direful dropsy by indulgence grows :
Its thirst unquenched, whilst in th' arteries flows
Corruption's source, and through the pallid form
 Dull humours borne.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
Dissidens plebi numero beatorum
Eximit virtus populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus : regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

From crowds dissenting Virtue stands confest,
Nor ranks restored Phraates 'mongst the blest;
And still from error weans the general mind
By truth refined.

Awarding power secure—the stedfast crown,
The laurel, meed peculiar of renown—
To him alone, whose eyes unmoved behold
Bright glist'ning gold.

LIBER III.—CARMEN I.

**ODI profanum vulgus, et arceo :
Favete linguis : carmina non priùs
Audita, Musarum Sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto,**

**Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
Clari Gigantæo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.**

**Est ut viro vir latiùs ordinet
Arbusta sulcis : hic generosior
Descendat in campum petitor :
Moribus hic meliorque famâ**

**Contendat : illi turba clientium
Sit major. Æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos ;
Omne capax movet urna nomen.**

BOOK III.—ODE I.

DULL worldling's hateful hand forbear,
Let silence guard ill-omened speech,
The Muses' priest, in strains full rare
I first pure youth and virgins teach.

The monarch rules with dread command;
Above the monarch's power is Jove's,
The Giants felt his red right hand,
His nod a conscious world approves.

One may his fair domain extend,
More wide than others modest claim;
This nobler to Mars' plain descend,
That urge his life and better fame.

Some mark with crowding train the spot;
All stern necessity o'ertakes,
Both great and abject; every lot
The restless urn capacious shakes.

Districtus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hœdi :

Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax ; arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hyemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ

In vain the gorgeous banquet's spread ;
If bare the sword's keen point depends
In terror o'er the guilty head,
Sweet sleep no more the Lyre attends,

Nor birds' light warbling. Gentle sleep
Shuns not the peasant's lowly home,
The distant bank o'ershaded deep,
Nor vales where rustling zephyrs roam.

The breast, where rule no large desires,
Fears not the ocean's rudest form,
The pale Arcturus' setting fires,
Nor Hædus lowering with the storm ;

Nor vines by hail untimely beat,
And farm rewarding not his pains ;
The tree now plaining stars' fierce heat,
Now frosts, and now the wasting rains.

Mute fishes know the waters shrunk
From pond'rous bulk ; here shapeless store
The builder views in masses sunk—
Fastidious too of native shore,

Fastidiosus. Sed timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus : neque
Decedit æratâ triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

Quòd si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniumque costum ;

Cur invidendis postibus, et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium ?
Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores ?

The haughty lord ;—but lowering fears
Unwelcome scale the proud retreat ;
In triremes moody care appears,
Nor sullen quits the horseman's seat.

But if nor marbles lively stained,
Nor purple than the stars more clear,
Nor Syria's od'rous juices drained,
Nor costly wine, lull pain or fear,

Why should I, with admired design,
On columns raise a proud abode ;
Why my calm Sabine vale resign
For anxious wealth's oppressive load ?

LIBER III.—CARMEN II.

ANGUSTAM, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militiâ puer
Condiscat, et Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ

Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
In rebus: illum ex moenibus hosticis
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens, et adulta virgo

Suspiret, Eheu; ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

BOOK III.—ODE II.

LET the bold youth in war's alarms
Endure betimes his stern career,
Find in the lap of ease no charms,
Nor want nor hardship's terrors fear ;
Swift through the hostile squadrons deep,
Let his bright falchion flashing sweep.

Be danger's changeful aspect tried
In summer's sun and winter's storm ;
The damsel and the Tyrant's bride
Track in the fight his dreaded form ;
For on the watch-tower's summit high,
'Tis love and fear that strain each eye.

Fear, lest, unheeding of his life,
Her lover cross the lion's path,
And tempt, alas ! th' unequal strife,
Or idly rouse his fatal wrath ;
'Tis well ; for still the foremost brand
Gleams in the grasp of that bold hand.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum :
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus :
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ :
Cœtusque vulgares, et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum

Sweet in our country's cause to die!
And honour crowns the glorious deed;
Though craven spirits basely fly,
No safety meets th' ignoble speed;
The shrinking frame and coward back
The very name of manhood lack.

Virtue in native lustre shines,
Unmeet the base repulse to bear;
The sullied gift she quick declines,
Nor seeks the gaudy prize to share;
Unswerving to the clamorous crowd,
Of righteous power alone she's proud.

Virtue, that opens realms of light,
For those who should not timeless die,
Seeks, by a pathway ever bright,
The sunny regions of the sky;
With rising wing she scorns the earth,
And joins the Heaven that gave her birth.

For faithful silence ever found,
In every land, a sure reward;
He who, by sacred brotherhood bound,
Betrays the trust 'tis his to guard,
With me shall no false converse keep,
Nor share my perils on the deep.

Solvat phaselum. Sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum
Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudò.

For oft is Jove with anger moved,
 When guilt and innocence unite;
Oft has a base companion proved
 The wrath of heaven the good can smite;
Nought can the guilty man secure—
His doom proceeds with footstep sure.

LIBER II.—CARMEN VI.

AD SEPTIMIUM.

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda;

Tibur, Argeo positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiæque.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;

BOOK II.—ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

O LOVED companion of my life !
Companion for the coming strife ;
For Gades, or Cantabria's land,
And storms that beat her rugged strand.

Septimius ! may at length my age
Repose in Tibur's Argive seat ;
O ! that from seas, and warfare's rage,
And wand'rings, there be my retreat.

Whence, if the cruel Fates debar,
I 'll seek Galesus' calm domain,
Known for its spotless flocks afar,
And lands that owned Phalanthus' reign.

'Yond all, that nook for me has charms !
Not on Hymettus mount, the swarms
Their combs with mellower fragrance store,
Nor e'er Venafrum greener olive bore.

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

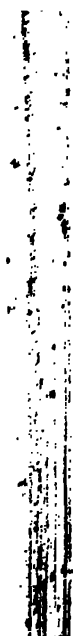
FINIS.

There Spring a lengthen'd softness knows;
 Winter his power indulgent wields:
The vine its purple cluster shows,
 Nor Aulon to Falernum yields.

There, there we 'll string the lyre anew,
 We 'll climb its slopes and mountains tall.
The tear, thy brother poet's due,
 There on my ashes warm shall fall.

THE END.

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